

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

Issued Every Thursday.

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1923.

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK

For five months there has been talk of a slump in new business, but it would look as if the dimensions of any such recession had been exaggerated. The loadings of freight cars for the week ending Sept. 15, the latest for which figures are available, show an increase of 69, 414 cars over the corresponding week for 1920, which was the peak year in the whole history of American production.

Federal treasury department is said to have a new plan for getting at securities which are exempt from the income tax. The idea is to impose heavier taxes on inheritances which are in the form of tax-exempt securities, remarks an exchange.

You can find many towns that have talked and talked about desirable projects for a score of years, but have accomplished little or nothing. If the same energy that had been put into talk, had been used in actual work, they would have made these improvements and would have gotten them out of the way, and would have been ready for something else.

Well, it will all be over next Tuesday evening and the agony of the income tax campaign will pass into history.

What the American people need is to use their arm muscles a little more and their hind legs a little less.

A tax on luxuries is suggested, but it will come hard on people who buy their luxuries before the necessities.



Dear Folks:—

The masher is a simple pest, his smile is quickly sprung. He thinks he's irresistible, that honey's on his tongue. He tilts his hat across his head and swaggers here and there.

Upon the streets and trolley cars, he wears his sickly grin, there's nothing in his line of thought that's really masculine. He thinks the ladies like his looks, his sick and plastered hair.

He dogs the heels of pretty girls without the slightest fear, and drops remarks of silly stuff in hopes that they will hear. If he but knew how low he stood in eyes he tries to meet, perhaps there'd be less of his kind let loose upon the street.

It's fortunate that now and then, some women have the knack, of telling mashers where they stand, and throwing in a whack. It's then I like to hear the way, with able tongues, they're lashed. To me it's worth the while to see the masher getting mashed.

PRUNE PICKIN'S BY BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS

Be sure and Take off your Bath robe Before taking Your weekly dip Tonight.

DUMBELL DORA THINKS

A slumguzzler is a charity worker.

They're going to have a Scotch four-some out at the country club tomorrow and Charley Lockwood had been designated to furnish the Scotch.

The h. s. fellers built a bonfire over in Laurelwood last night giving most of the citizens of that locality a chance to let the furnace fire die down.

While you're readin' this column the h. s. football team will either be the king of the valley or a good-sized hunk of dog meat.

We hope it is the former.

Anyway, they're dern good kids.

A MERRY WIDOW

An English woman recently wrote to a newspaper that she began life as A. Mann (Alice Mann). She married a Mr. Husband, and so became A. Husband. He died and she married again, this time, a Mr. Maiden. Becoming a widow for the second time, she concludes that though born A. Mann, she will die A. Maiden.

Jazz is dying, say the musical lions. But it won't be entirely motionless until all the fox-trot records and saxophones are broken.

Women always care too little, or too much, or at the wrong time.

Loose talk is the result of looser thinking.

It's more entertaining to have a lot of things to talk about than to talk talk a lot about things you haven't got.

No news is good news, except to the chap who is expecting a check by mail.

Mother uses cold cream, Father uses lather, My girl uses powder— At least that's what I gather!

Stable profits come only from a well groomed business.

There was a horse in town the other day.

ELOQUENCE: The triumph of sound over sense.

FAMOUS WATERING PLACES

- Coney Island, The Hydrant, Grandfather's well, Our Old Oaken Bucket, Deauville, The tub in the barn lot.

You can't injure an enemy hating him, but you can play hell with your own liver.

What's the use of talking about stable conditions, when everybody is looking for the garage.

Opportunity knocks but once—but that one knock is often a knockout.

WANT ADZ WE NEVER SEE LOST—Lost somewhere between my trip from Sadie to her father to ask for her hand, my nerve.—M. T. Head.

The Alps come pretty high—but they are worth it.

We are not a vegetarian, but we have been squashed on innumerable occasions.

Dollars are like cobblestones; if thrown aside carelessly, they block the road of success; if carefully placed, they make a good pavement to travel on.

THE LAST DEGREE Jasper—"So you joined a secret society? Did they make you ride the goat?"

Gasper—"No, the Chief Exalted made me ride for two hours in a five-wire I sold him a year ago."

Helping mother with the dishes is hard work compared with dancing 2 1/2 hours at a stretch.

The street diggin' machine went haywire a few minutes yesterday which caught most of us shouting in loud tones.

Gosh ain't these nights great for sleepin'!

COOKED FOOD SALE

Will be held by Roseburg Woman's Club on general election day, Nov. 6 at Chamber of Commerce rooms.

Where Enoch Arden Failed

(By Wickes Wamboldt.)

When I was a little fellow I used to get big-eyed over the story of Enoch Arden. The thought of that lonely wanderer coming back and looking through the window of his cheery home to see the wife with whom he had been so happy, and who thought him dead, married to another man, while Enoch stayed out in the cold and wet and concealed his identity, made me resolve never to be a seafaring man. Because Enoch got in that it through going to sea.

A thing that haunted me as much as Enoch's plight was that the erstwhile Mrs. Enoch and the children had to put up with that strange man in the house. Later, when I reached the age when I frightened my tie and looked at my feet whenever I saw a girl approaching, I began to understand better how Enoch must have felt about it.

Enoch Arden has been the subject of much praise and adulation for the high ground he took. But, between you and me, I must admit that I consider Enoch after all pretty much of a piker.

He did set out to do a noble thing. When he saw his wife and children happy with another husband and father, he did not throw any monkeywrenches into the machinery. He saw that Mrs. Enoch loved this other man and had become reconciled to his own disappearance. Therefore, sick, penniless, homeless and broken-hearted, he decided to efface himself.

Enoch almost did a God-like thing, but not quite. Because, just before he died, he yielded to a last moment weakness and told his story to his landlady. Now, you know as well as I do that that was equivalent to putting it in the town paper on the front page with a seven-column heading.

Thus Enoch made worse than useless the sacrifice he had set out to so nobly achieve. Mrs. Enoch not only had the humiliation of knowing that in the eyes of those puritanical people she had been living illegitimately with another man, but also she and the children all their lives would carry the soul-harrowing picture of the forlorn and brokenhearted Enoch. Everything that Enoch had done, was undone, and more.

How many of us do the same thing! We start out with noble resolves, we give of ourselves to the brim and overflowing; and then, like the old cow, kick the whole business over.

Incidentally, Enoch got into that mess by not taking his wife's advice.

New Lamp Burns 94% Air

Beats Electric or Gas

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps.

The inventor, V. M. Johnson, 161 Union Ave., Portland, Ore., is offering to send a lamp on 10 days' FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it.

The Parent-Teacher association of the high school will hold a food sale and needle work bazaar in J. O. Newland and Son's sales room Saturday, November 24th.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. HARRIET COOPER SHORT

Another pioneer has answered to the final call. Mrs. Harriet Cooper Short. The subject of this sketch was one of the early and respected citizens of Douglas county, Oregon.

She was a native of Illinois, born March 7, 1829, died at Portland, Oregon, October 26, 1923, at the age of 94 years, 7 months, and 19 days.

She crossed the plains in company with her parents, the late Ziba and Jane Dimmick, in the year of 1853, settling on a donation claim near Kellogg, Douglas county. She was married to James T. Cooper April 15, 1854. To that union there have been born 16 children, seven with her husband having preceded her to the tomb. Three survive to mourn her demise: Mrs. Mary Bogard of Hillsboro, Ore.; Mrs. Lizzy Stuart of Milton, Oregon; and Mrs. Bettie Hart, of Wilbur, Ore.

She also has 27 grandchildren and 15 great-grandchildren. She leaves besides these two step-daughters, daughters of her late husband, Liberty Short; Mrs. Captain Monacle and Mrs. Sharp Durland of Portland. And nine brothers and sisters mourn the vacant chair: Thomas M. Dimmick, Coquille; E. L. Dimmick and Mrs. Libbie Steel of Portland; Mrs. N. Larons of Salem; Mrs. E. H. Pickston of Oakland; Mrs. James Hobbs of Merrill, Ralph E. Dimmick of Ukiah, Cal.; Mrs. David McKay and G. W. Dimmick of Wilbur.

Aunt Harriett, as she was familiarly known, was a devoted Christian, having united with the Presbyterian church in her early life. She lived a consistent Christian and died in full faith in the atoning blood of Christ. She was an indulgent mother.

er, an ideal companion, a loving sister, and an excellent neighbor. Her life is worthy of emulation and the attendance at her funeral and the floral offerings was evidence of appreciation for the many kindnesses received at her hands.—From one who has known her from childhood.

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Classified Section ALL NEW ADS ON BACK PAGE

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WANTED—Work horse Address C. M. care News-Review.

MAN wants work on farm. Address Box 562, Roseburg.

WANTED—Turkeys, large or small. Phone 14 F 14. Boyer Bros

WANTED—3 in. wagon like new. Address "Wagon" care News-Review.

WANTED—Housecleaning, 35 cents per hour. Address M. M. care News-Review.

WANTED—Team work, hauling and plowing. Work of all kinds. Phone 449-L.

WANTED—Strawberry plants, 1000 Eleonor, and 2000 Trebla. Schmidt, Dillard, Box 26.

WANTED—at once: Elderly respectable woman for housework on ranch. 3 adults. Phone 52 F-11.

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 563 when in need of auto parts. Sarff's Auto Wrecking House.

WANTED—By competent girl, work in private family or in restaurant. Millie Harris, Oakland, Oregon.

WANTED—backs and light wagons, wheels must be good. Body no object. C. A. McGinnis, Dillard, Oregon.

WANTED—Wood cutters, good oak timber good ground on country road. Also stumps to sell. Phone 6 F 15. N. L. Conn, Roseburg.

WANTED—Jersey cows and heifers. Give age when bred or when fresh. amount milk given, daily, etc. in first correspondence. Earl L. McNutt Eugene, Oregon.

MISCELLANEOUS I WILL do dressmaking. Call 118-Y.

FOR RENT—Safety deposit boxes. Roseburg National Bank.

FOR RENT—Up to date furnished apartment. 428 Pitzer st.

FOR RENT—3 unfurnished housekeeping rooms. 725 West Lane street.

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FOR RENT—20 acres good broccoli land \$20. per acre. Lindholm, Dixonville.

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FOR RENT—Furnished sleeping room with heat. Use of telephone and bath. 311 E. Oak street.

FOR RENT—Furnished 2 room housekeeping flat, close in. Inquire 134 So. Stephens. Gas. Adults only.

FOR RENT—Furnished 4 room modern flat. See Mrs. Inez D. Clarke, Beauty Studio, Roseburg National Bank Bldg.

FOR RENT—Modern 3 room furnished apartments. No children. Give reference. Call between 1 and 4. E. D. Lewis, 544 North Pine st.

ROOF FIRE AT PARSONAGE OF METHODIST CHURCH

The fire department was called last night about 9:30 for a roof fire at the Methodist parsonage. The firemen responded to a "still" alarm in the afternoon when the parsonage chimney burned out. The chimney was quite porous and allowed smoke to escape into the attic. It was found last night that there was a hole through the mortar directly behind a large beam

in the roof and spunked into this hole, while the fire was out fire to the wood and roof in the roof. The hole was closed before much damage was done and was easily contained. The use of chemicals. The fire has been kept busy for several weeks.

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